

The PRICE
By FRANCIS LYNDE
ILLUSTRATIONS by C. D. RHODES

CHAPTER VI.
Quickly.

On the morning following the rescue of the mate, Charlotte Farnham awoke with the conviction that she had been miraculously saved from incurable penalties dealt out to those who rush blindly into the thick of things without due thought and careful consideration.

But the Puritan conscience was not to be entirely silenced. Reason sits in a higher seat than that occupied by the senses, and reason argued that a man who would forgive his enemy and instantly risk his life in proof of the forgiveness, could not be a desperate criminal. Conscience pointed out the alternative. A little careful investigation would remove the doubt as to the firmity of the mate. Charlotte Farnham knew the deckhand or knew enough about him to establish his real identity.

Charlotte worried over the wretched entanglement all day, and was so distraught and absent-minded that her aunt remarked it, naming it malaria and prescribing quinine. Whereat Charlotte dissembled and put on a mask of cheerfulness, keeping it on until after the evening meal and her aunt's early retiring. But when she was released she was glad enough to go out on the promenade just forward of the starboard pidd-box, where there were no after-dinner loungers, to be alone with her problem and to plunge once more into its intricacies.

It was possibly ten minutes later, while she stood leaning against a stanchion and watching the lights of a distant town rise out of the watery horizon ahead, that chance, the final arbiter in so many human involvements, led her quickly into the valley of decision. She heard a man's step on the steeply pitched stair leading down from the hurricane deck. Before she could turn away she was confronting her; the man whose name on the Belle Julie's crew roster was John Wesley Gavitt.

Gavitt's appearance was less formidable than it seemed to be. As a reward of merit for having saved the mate's life, he had been told off to serve temporarily as man-of-all-work for the day pilot, who chanced to be without a steersman. His watch in the pilot house was over, and he was on his way to the crew's quarters below when he stumbled upon Miss Farnham. Mindful of his earlier slip, he passed her as if she had been invisible. She let him go until her opportunity was all but lost; then, plucking courage out of the heart of desperation she spoke.

"One moment, if you please; I—I want to ask you something," she faltered; and he wheeled obediently and faced her.

Followed a pause, inevitable, but none the less awkward for the one who was responsible. Griswold felt rather than saw, her embarrassment, and was generous enough to try to help her.

"I think I know what you wish to say; you are quite at liberty to say it," he offered, when the pause had grown into an obstacle, which she seemed powerless to surmount.

"I thought perhaps—I had hoped—oh, for goodness' sake, why did you do it?" she burst out, no longer able to fence with the weapons of indirectness.

He answered her frankly. "It was the old story of one man's overplenty and another man's need. Have you ever known what it means to go hungry for sheer poverty's sake?—but, of course, you haven't?"

"No," she admitted. "Well, I have. I was hungry that morning; very hungry. I knew this didn't excuse the thing—to you. But perhaps it may help to explain it."

"I think I can understand a little. But surely—"

He stopped her with a quick little gesture. "I know what you are going to say—that I should have been willing to work, or even to beg, rather than steal. I was willing to work; I was not willing to beg. I know it is all wrong from your point of view; but I should be sorry to have you think that I did what I believed to be wrong."

"But think of it; if you are right, everyone else must be wrong!"

"No; not quite everyone. But that is a very large question, and we needn't go into it. I confess that my method was unconventional; a little more summary than that of the users and the strictly legal robbers, but quite as defensible. For they rob the poor and the helpless, while I merely dispossessed one rich corporation of a portion of its exactions from the many."

"Then you are not sorry? I saw you yesterday afternoon and hoped you were."

He sighed unpleasantly. "I was sorry, then, and I am now; for the same reason. I have lost the money."

"Lost it?" she gasped. "How?"

"I had hidden it, and I suppose someone else has found it. It is all right, so far as the ownership is concerned; but I am still self-centered enough to be chagrined about it."

"But you must have returned it in the end. You could never have been content to keep it."

"Do you think so?" he rejoined. "I think I could have been quite content to keep it. But that is past; it is gone, and I couldn't return it if I wanted to."

"No," she acquiesced; and she supposed someone else has found it. It is all right, so far as the ownership is concerned; but I am still self-centered enough to be chagrined about it."

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FOOTSTEPS OF THE FATHERS
As Traced in Early Files of the Yorkville Enquirer.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF YESTERDAY
Bringing Up Records of the Past and Giving the Younger Readers of Today a Pretty Comprehensive Knowledge of the Things that Most Concerned Generations that Have Gone Before.

The first installment of the notes appearing under this heading was published in our issue of November 14, 1913. The notes are being prepared by the editor as a time and opportunity permit. Their purpose is to bring into review the events of the past for the pleasure and satisfaction of the older people and for the enlightenment and instruction of the present generation.

145TH INSTALLMENT
(Wednesday Evening, April 19, 1865).
The Mail.

At a public meeting of the citizens of Yorkville and vicinity held in the courthouse on the 14th inst., a project was instituted for the furnishing daily of a paper to the village postoffice, the removal of the railroad has inflicted serious embarrassment upon the community in the way of news, and the "man about town" is compelled to fold his hands in idleness and close his lips once ripe in speculation, upon army movements simply because he has no news.

A subscription for the purpose of furnishing the latest reliable news daily is being taken up here; and any of our country friends anxious to enjoy the benefits can fork over to the committee men and get their money's worth in due time.

Married—On the 6th inst., by Rev. S. L. Watson, Serg. W. A. McCallum and Miss Cynthia A. daughter of Maj. A. A. McKenzie, all of this district.

From Virginia.
The Flight at Petersburg, Retreat, Pursuit, and Capitulation of Gen. Lee's Army. Gen. Lee a Prisoner of War. Officers and Men in Tears. Sad details, etc.

The news which we have to present to our readers today is bad, bad, bad! We have scarcely the heart to tell the story for we know when it goes forth to the country and the full weight of the disaster is realized, there will be lamentation in every patriotic household in the land. Strong men will bow their heads and weep, women will go to their closets and pray; and there will be heaviness and weariness of soul.

Thank God, however, all is not lost. While the army of Northern Virginia no longer exists except as a memory, its honor still lives, its spirit is still unsubdued, its men are defiant and brave and sometime and somehow there will come a recuperation of strength and regeneration of energy, that is destined to reiterate to the whole civilized world the old historic truth that a great people striving with all their might for freedom and independence can never be subdued.

Stoneman's Cavalry.
Stoneman's cavalry, which has been hanging around upon the upper borders of this district for several days past left on Monday morning, going to the aid of Lee's army. Although the existing truce disarms them for mischief they are nevertheless glad to be rid of their close proximity and welcome their departure.

The Catawba Bridge Burned.
On Wednesday last, a small force of the enemy's cavalry estimated at about 400, reached the railroad bridge over the Catawba and succeeded in destroying it before our forces came up to the rescue. A detachment from Stoneman's command and retreated in the direction of Lincoln.

The Camden Raid.
The recent raid upon Camden consisted of negro and white troops from Foster's command, the proportion of negroes being about one-third of the whole force. They burned at Camden and elsewhere about fifteen locomotives and a large amount of rolling stock collected there from other roads in the state. The supplies had been previously removed with the exception of a quantity of government sugar. This was partly distributed to the citizens by the commission there and the enemy did not disturb it. About 30 hogheads fell into their hands and were destroyed. They returned toward Florence and Charleston.

12th Regiment, S. C. V.
We are under obligations to Lieut. Martin V. Darwin of Co. B, 12th Regiment, S. C. V., who was paroled at Appomattox, C. H. Va., on the 10th inst., for the subjoined list of the officers and privates of Cos. A and B, and their status at the time of the surrender of Gen. Lee:

Co. A: Paroled—Capt. J. T. Parker, Wm. P. Hobbs, S. W. Robinson, Robt. A. Latta, Jas. Galloway, Wm. Lee, E. Gunn, R. E. D. Curran, W. E. Adams, J. M. Lindsay, W. R. Sims, N. M. Sandifer, R. A. Rhea, J. F. Parker, (drowned) J. A. Hall, Jas. Doster, S. W. Watson.

Missing—Lieut. J. A. Watson, Orderly Sergeant J. J. Thomlinson, Robt. Plaxico, J. Webb Parker, S. M. Scott, Wm. F. Beard, Geo. W. Pearson, Jno. L. Davies, Thos. Crawford, Robt. Conrad, Wm. Conrad, N. B. Roach, W. E. Jackson, Wm. Kidd, E. C. Price, Jas. Thomason, W. Dover, J. C. Chesser, J. McLean.

Killed—Ross Galloway. Wounded—Serg. G. G. Love, Jas. Blair, Jno. W. Doster, T. M. Gwinn.

Co. B: Paroled—First Lieut. M. V. Darwin, Serg. M. W. Whitesides, Corp. E. P. Castles, Corp. W. Westmoreland, Privates J. R. Arrowood, T. B. Higham, E. C. Childers, E. S. Darwin, J. S. Chambers, S. Hagan, Martin Holbrook, J. B. McFadden, J. E. McKnight, R. McKnight, J. W. Templeton, W. T. Wallace, W. P. Wylie.

Missing—Serg. R. G. Whitesides.

TOLD BY LOCAL EXCHANGES
News Happenings in Neighboring Communities.

CONDENSED FOR QUICK READING
Dealing Mainly With Local Affairs of Cherokee, Cleveland, Gaston, Lancaster and Chester.

Chester Reporter, July 12: The Chester County Alfalfa association met at the courthouse Saturday morning, and arranged for the purchase of seed and lime. Several of those on hand announced that they are going to put in several more acres of alfalfa and reports were had from others who expect to become alfalfa growers. Chester county has not made the progress in alfalfa growing that some of the other counties of the state have, but County Farm Agent Riley thinks that there are signs of progress.

Rock Hill Record, July 12: Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Thompson of Richmond, Va., announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Hazel Marie, to Mr. Thomas Walker Huey of Rock Hill. The wedding will take place in the early fall. The 16-month-old child of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Thornberg of the Manchester mill village, died Sunday night and will be buried in Laurelwood Tuesday morning.

J. G. Anderson returned Friday night from a ten days business trip to New York. He reports things going up over there and that they do not seem to know anything about a war going on. In the matter of the now famous Woodland park ditch, a jury in condemnation proceedings met Friday night to consider the property of E. E. Poag. This jury awarded Mr. Poag \$150.

THE CITY OF ARRAS
Center of Recent Fighting an Old and Prosperous Place.

Over the hundreds of miles of body-strewn battlefields in Europe, no more deadly spot could be found during recent fighting than just to the north of Arras, where for more than a month and a half the French have driven home innumerable fearless, determined assaults against almost impregnable field works. More lives have been lost to the square yard of fighting area here, according to dispatches, than upon any other part of the endless battle line. Arras, the point from which the French have been strongly forcing the fighting, is described in a statement recently issued by the National Geographic society.

Arras, the capital of the French department of Pas-de-Calais, is one of the oldest and most important towns in northern France, and is situated on the right and southern bank of the river Scarpe, at its junction with the Crinchon, partly on heights and partly in a fertile plain. A low line of heights extends to the north of the town, where the present German line runs almost due north to Tpre, in Belgium. Arras is one of the principal stations on the French Northern railway, being about 137 miles distant from Paris by rail. Brussels lies 97 miles to the northeast of this advance German outpost, while the important city of Amiens is 38 miles to the north-south-east.

One of the leading grain markets of France was held in this busy city before the war. It lies well in the center of a rich agricultural, grazing and industrial district, and has always been important for its trade in manufactures. Charms, were best-sugar, agricultural implements, hosiery, lace, pottery and leather. As early as the 14th century, this little town was famous for its woolen manufactures, a fame that it has lost to the great woolen centers of Britannia across the water. It later became famous wherever luxury held footing for the manufacture of tapestries. Some of the most beautiful worked hangings were produced here up to the 15th century, and as superior were the tapestries of the place, that they were commonly known as Arras.

The commerce of the city is important in grain, flour, oil, wine and brandy products.

"The lower town was compactly built, its generous-appearing homes being constructed of heavy stone. Most of the streets were laid out broad and straight, and Arras made an impression of prosperity and progressiveness upon the visitor. There were a number of fine squares, bordered by beautiful public buildings. It had a population of 25,000 at the outbreak of the war, a population to which bitter necessity was unknown."

Many an important action in northern France has been fought in and around Arras, a site where the Latin, Celtic and German elements have struggled since the foundation of the Roman empire. The city belonged to the Spanish branch of the house of Hapsburg until 1640, when Louis XIII, of France, captured it after a long, severe siege. It was ceded to France by the Treaty of the Pyrenees.

The French Revolution and the invasion of the Germans in 1870-71 caused much suffering among its people. Arras was the birthplace of Maximilien Robespierre, the inspired leader of the "Terror" in Paris, and also of Joseph Lebon, originally of the military, who led the celebrations of the horrible rites of the revolution in his native city."

Titles of Future Kings—The various titles by which the heirs apparent to the important thrones of the world are:

England—Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall and Duke of Rothesay. Austria-Hungary—Archduke of Austria-Hungary. Belgium—Duke of Brabant. Bulgaria—Crown prince. Denmark—Crown prince. Japan—Crown prince. Montenegro—Prince of Montenegro. Holland—Princess of Holland. Norway—Crown prince. Roumania—Prince of Roumania. Russia—Czarovich and grand duke. Serbia—Prince of Serbia. Spain—Prince of Asturias. Sweden—Duke of Scania and Prince of Sweden.—Kansas City Star.

A safety pocket to hold a watch securely features a new apron for workmen.

UPPER AND NETHER MILLSTONES
How England's High-handledness Affects the South.

While on the brink of a possible open breach with Germany, may it be held out of place if we, at the same time, consider our grievance against Great Britain in the matter of its destructive attitude toward American commerce; in particular its paralyzing effect on the chief industry of the south.

Within the past ten days, the south's chief money product, cotton, has depreciated in value about \$10 per bale; yesterday's future quotations being 8.83-5 against 9.74-5 on July 1st, while spots were quoted at 8.50 as against 14-8 a year ago—a net decline in spots since the European war began of about \$30 a bale.

There may be those, of course, who will argue still, that cotton is, even now, selling at as good price as we have any right to expect, under normal conditions, for a 16,000,000 bale crop; and this may be, to some extent true.

But this does not say it all. Let us consider whether or not, even under present abnormal conditions, we might be receiving considerably more for our cotton—but for Great Britain's unwarranted and unlawful interference with our trade in this "non-contraband" product. If so, we still have a grievance, and a very serious one.

According to the latest issues of the "Weekly Reporter," published by the American Association of Commerce and Trade at Berlin and as republished in the New York Commercial, cotton is at 30 cents per pound, steel production is increasing, coal is moving freely, and the supply of wool is insured.

"The Report" says in part: "Conditions for the import of American products via neutral countries to Germany are worse than ever and I am afraid they will have to be stopped entirely, as England now retains every shipment to neutral countries, especially to Scandinavia, and only permits the delivery on part of the steamship company to the holders of the bill of lading, after an amount equal to double the value of the goods has been deposited with a bank as a guarantee that goods will actually be consumed in neutral countries and not reshipped to Germany or Austria."

"In Genoa, cotton destined for Germany accumulated in large quantities and it is figured that a volume aggregating \$10,000,000 in value is detained."

"Under the pressure of England, Sweden has placed an embargo on the export of cotton."

"The view of the limited supply on hand, the price of raw cotton has reached enormous limits, as in Bremen 30 cents per pound was asked May 31st."

"Since the entrance of Italy into the war, cotton mills have increased their prices by about 25 per cent."

"However, the supply for military use is absolutely insured, and even in case of the war lasting a long time, the army and navy will be amply provided. In the territory of the enemy, occupied by the Germans, as in Belgium, northern France and in Russian Poland, such quantities of cotton goods have been found that these volumes alone cover the demand for military use."

"Interested circles, as cotton merchants and brokers, are curious whether the United States will undertake any steps to secure shipments to Germany. These circles claim that in view of the last record crop, the bright outlook for the cotton market is a vital interest to sell to Germany, and much more so as Germany is one of America's best customers."

Have Americans a "vital interest" to sell to Germany; particularly the people of the south, who are most concerned about the price and movement of cotton?—if they may be entitled to any consideration at all at the hands of their own government? Let's see:

At present the stock of cotton on hand in Augusta is about \$9,000,000, as against about 4,000 a year ago. This stock is worth only about three times as much money today as those 14,000 bales were worth a year ago. The actual market depreciation in value of those \$9,000,000 bales on hand in Augusta has been \$400,000 in the short period of ten days.

Cotton is selling in Augusta today at \$42.50 a bale, while in Germany it is selling—where it can be had at all—at \$150 per bale.

Can there be any doubt that Great Britain's unlawful embargo on cotton—which she has no moral right to enforce as between neutral countries than she has to Sweden—has placed a terrific burden upon this country; particularly upon the south? Can it be offset, or in any way atoned for, by the profits of the DuPont Powder works or the Bethlehem Steel company?

We may have a serious grievance against Germany for the "frightfulness" of her method of warfare; but how does this lessen our grievance against Britain for her high-handed assault upon the south's commerce? What of the south's grievance if she must sell at a terrific loss her next crop of cotton—as she did her last—with the resulting effect of almost inevitable bankruptcy for tens of thousands of otherwise perfectly solvent people, who are at peace with the world, and in no wise responsible for the present European holocaust?—Augusta Chronicle.

Description of a Bride—A Missour newspaper that shall be nameless here, perpetrates the following in reporting a wedding:

"The bride is a young lady of wondrous fascination and remarkable attractiveness, for with manners as enchanting as the wand of a siren and a disposition as sweet as the odors of flowers and spirits as joyous as the caroling of birds and mind as brilliant as the tresses that glitteringly adorn the brow of winter and with heart as pure as dewdrops trembling in violets, she will make the home of her husband a paradise of enchantment like the lovely home of her girlhood, where the heaven-toned harp of marriage with its harp of love striking chords of devotion and fond endearments sent forth the sweetest strains that ever thrilled some with the rhythmic pulsing of ecstatic rapture."

The rivers of Europe are estimated to be capable of supplying 48,000,000 horsepower, Russia's share being 12,000,000.



"One Moment, If You Please."

after your letter reaches New Orleans you needn't doubt that, and the suppression of your name isn't cowardly; it is merely a justifiable bit of self-protection. It is your duty to give the alarm; but when you have done that, your responsibility ceases. There are plenty of people who can identify me if I am taken back to New Orleans. You don't want to be summoned as a witness, and you needn't be."

She saw the direct manlike wisdom of all this, and was quick to appreciate his delicate tact in effacing the question of the reward without even referring to it. But his stoicism was almost appalling.

"It is very shocking!" she murmured; "you don't seem to realize it at all."

"Don't I? You must remember that I have been arguing from your point of view. My own is quite unchaneked. It is your duty to do what you must do; it is my duty to avert the consequences to myself if I can manage it without taking an unfair advantage of your frankness."

"What will you do?"

"It would be bad faith now for me to try and run away from the 'camer' as I must do to do. So far, you have bound me by your candor. But beyond that I make no promises. My parole will be at an end when the officers appear, and I shall do what I can to dodge, or to escape if I am taken to that fair."

"It is more than fair; I can't understand."

"What is it that you can't understand?"

"How you can do this; how you can do such things as the one you did last night, and still—"

He finished the sentence for her—"and still be a common robber of banks, and the like. I fancy it is a bit puzzling—from your point of view. Sometime, perhaps, we shall all understand things better than we do now. But to that time, and beyond it, I shall be your grateful debtor for what you have done tonight. May I go now?"

She gave him leave, and when he was gone, she went to her stateroom